reason of the imperfection of its parts, runs the
risk of itself being only perfect in imperfection,
because it fulfils entirely some stage in an
unaccomplished purpose; it is then a present but
not an ultimate Totality. To it we could apply
the Greek saying, *Theos ouk estin alia gignetai^*
the Divine is not yet in being, but is becoming.
The true Divine would then be secret within us
.and perhaps supreme above us; to find the Divine
within us and above us would be the real solution,
to become perfect as That is perfect, to attain
liberation by likeness to it or by attaining to the
law of its nature, *sadrsya, sddharmya.*

If the human consciousness were bound to
the sense of imperfection and the acceptance of it
as the law of our life and the very character of
our existence,—a reasoned acceptance that could
•answer in our human nature to the blind animal
acceptance of the animal nature,—then we might
say that what we are marks the limit of the divine
•self-expression in us; we might believe too that our
imperfections and sufferings worked for the general
harmony and perfection of things and console
ourselves with this philosophic balm offered for

our wounds, satisfied to move among the pitfalls
of life with as much rational prudence or as much
philosophic sagacity and resignation as our incom-
plete mental wisdom and our impatient vital parts
permitted. Or else, taking refuge in the more
consoling fervours of religion, we might submit to
all as the will of God in the hope or the faith of